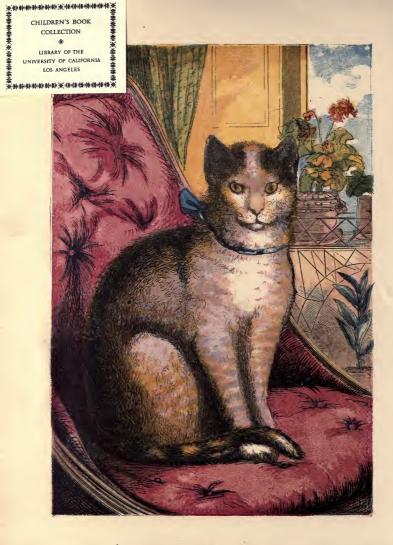


Kronheim & Co., London,



OUR PETS.

THIS is Pol-ly's own cat, Topsy. She looks ve-ry prim and quiet; but if you play with her, you will find she is a ve-ry mer-ry lit-le cat. She will jump up-on the ta-ble at break-fast, and run off with Pol-ly's toast; and if mam-ma be wri-ting a let-ter, Top-sy will steal soft-ly a-long the arm of the so-fa, and rub her paw o-ver the last word mam-ma has writ-ten, and make a great blot in the let-ter. Some-times she will sit as still as a mouse on Uncle Tom's shoul-der while he is read-ing, and look so grave-ly on the book that you might think she was read-ing too: but she is not quite wise e-nough for that.

Car-lo is Har-ry's dog, and a ve-ry good dog he is. If you were to throw a stone twen-ty times in-to the foam-ing sea, Car-lo would plunge in, without a-ny fear, and bring the ve-ry same stone out

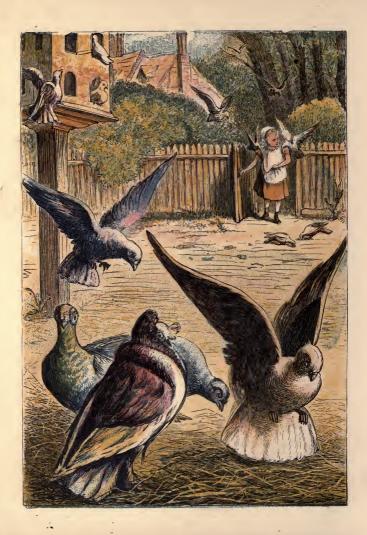


OUR PETS.

to you. And if Har-ry loses his ball a-mong the long grass, Car-lo brings it in a mi-nute. And he can do bet-ter things than these, for one day in win-ter, when the ri-ver was fro-zen, and Har-ry was ska-ting on it ve-ry nice-ly, he came to a place where the ice was thin, for a hole had been bro-ken the day before, and there had not been time for it to get hard a-gain. Poor Har-ry broke through the ice and sank down in-to the wa-ter; he would have been drown-ed, but Car-lo di-ved down, and brought him out safe. No won-der Car-lo is a pet.

These pi-geons be-long to little Pol-ly. They have a ve-ry pret-ty house to live in, and Pol-ly feeds them e-ve-ry morn-ing with bar-ley or peas. When they see her come with her lit-tle bas-ket, they all fly down from the roof of the dove-cot, and will hop round her, perch on her should-er, and eat from her hand. But if they see Top-sy steal-ing un-der the Trees, or Car-lo run-ning over the grassplot, a-way they all fly. The Pi-geons trust Pol-ly, but they will not trust sly puss, nor rough Car-lo. Pret-ty, shy pets, are Pol-ly's pi-geons.

5





Rab-bits are pret-ty mild crea-tures. Sometimes they live on moors, where they hide in burrows, which are holes in the ground, then they run about the fields and eat the green corn, and tur-nip tops, and some-times in win-ter are ve-ry hun-gry. But Har-ry's tame rab-bits have a warm house, and plen-ty of clean straw, and fresh food e-ve-ry day, and are as well off as rab-bits can be that are in pri-son. Har-ry goes in-to the fields to pick clo-ver and rib grass for them, the gar-den-er gives him let-tuce and cab-bage leaves; and he some-times gives them dry corn, for he likes them to have a change of food. The large, fine old rab-bit is call-ed Bun-ny. She is a great pet.

You see here Pol-ly and her Pet lamb. The mo-ther died in the cold wet wea-ther in spring, and the poor lit-tle lamb would have died too, but it was brought in-to the house and gi-ven to Pol-ly, who fed it with warm milk through the spout of her doll's tea-pot e-ve-ry day, till it grew so big that she used to bring it grass to eat. Pol-ly called her pet lamb Nan. and there nev-er was such a pet



OUR PETS.

lamb. It fol-low-ed Pol-ly up stairs to the nur-sery, and down to the school-room, and round the fields when she walk-ed out; and Pol-ly said, "If Nan did grow to be a great sheep, she should never be kill-ed for mut-ton."

Lit-tle Pol-ly went e-ve-ry morn-ing to the Poul-try yard to see the Poul-try wo-man feed the fowls. Her mam-ma had given her a Cock and a Hen, and a fine brood of chickens, to be her own. She fed them her-self, and they were al-ways rea-dy to come round her when they heard her say, Chuck ! chuck ! Pol-ly was nev-er a-fraid of the fine, bold Cock, even when he crow-ed so loud-ly that you might have heard him a mile off. He was ve-ry fierce if a-ny o-ther cock came near his fa-mi-ly, but he was quite tame with Pol-ly, and bow-ed like a gen-tle-man when she gave him his bar-ley.



ROUTLEDGE'S THREEPENNY TOY-BOOKS,

WITH SIX COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS,

PRINTED BY KRONHEIM & CO.

5. MY FIRST ALPHABET 6. MOTHER GOOSE 7. THE BABES IN THE WOOD 8. THIS LITTLE PIG. 9. THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE 10, LITTLE BO-PEEP II. NURSERY RHYMES 12. FARM-YARD ALPHABET 13. JACK AND THE BEANSTALK 14. JOHN GILPIN 15. OLD MOTHER HUBBARD 16. THE THREE BEARS 17. THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT 18. THE DOGS' DINNER PARTY 19. MY MOTHER 20. THE CATS' TEA PARTY 21. MORE NURSERY RHYMES 22. ROBIN REDBREAST

23. A, APPLE PIE 24. THE RAILWAY ALPHABET 25. NURSERY SONGS 26. NURSERY DITTIES 27. PUNCH AND JUDY 28. OUR PETS 29. CINDERELLA 30. PUSS-IN-BOOTS 31. LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD 32. WILD ANIMALS 33. TAME ANIMALS 34. BIRDS 35. JACK THE GIANT KILLER 36. BLUE BEARD 37. ALADDIN 38. THE FORTY THIEVES 39. TOM THUMB 40. SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LONDON AND NEW YORK.